

CRAWFORD, I.

The Heroine of Saddle Mountain



Isabel Crawford.

Woman's American Baptist Home
Mission Society

2969 Vernon Avenue

Chicago, Illinois



The Three Generations—Lucius, Mokeen and Amos.

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Isabel Crawford

I SABEL ALICE HARTLEY CRAWFORD was born May 26, 1865, her father at the time being pastor of the Baptist Church at Cheltenham, Canada.

When she was a few days old, the nurse placed her in the arms of a cousin, a young man, who somewhat embarrassed by the honor, asked: "What are you going to do with this thing?"—"a question," says Miss Crawford, "which was to weigh for years on the minds and hearts of my parents, for, as the years went by, the puzzle grew."

Referring to her education, she says: "I learned enough history to know that my relations were all well educated and prided themselves on their 'blue blood'; enough geography to be in unknown quarters when there was a music or a French lesson on the breeze; enough arithmetic to calculate my distance when I was forbidden to be on the street and caught sight of my mother turning a corner; enough grammar to puzzle strangers, who couldn't reconcile such good English with such bad behavior; enough music to alarm every living creature within range of the sound, and enough physiology to know I was as sound as any one.

On the 4th of July, 1860, Dr. R. A. Fyfe opened the Canadian Literary Institute in Woodstock. Eight years later Isabel's father was selected to fill the chair of Church History and Biblical Interpretation, and at ten years of age she was able to pass the examinations and enter as a student. Being in classes with those much older than she was, she soon found herself unable to keep up with the long lessons. At the end of three years she begged the privilege of attending the public school, and in the transfer found herself in

classes with children much younger than herself. Discovering her deficiency, she went to work in earnest, and succeeded in passing the entrance examination to the high school.

In January, 1876, revival meetings were begun in the Baptist Church in Woodstock, and when the invitation was given for all who wanted to be Christians to arise, she stood, supposing that every unconverted person in the house would do the same. When she found herself standing alone, she sat down very quickly, annoyed to think she had been "trapped that way."

After the meeting, the deacons and church members surrounded her, and she cried, not, as they thought, because she was penitent, but because she was angry.

However, next night, she stood again "for," she says, "I did want to be a Christian, even if I wasn't anxious about my soul. I knew I was a terror, but I longed in my heart to be a holy terror." At last she was genuinely converted, but the church did not think it wise to baptize her till the 21st of March.

After her conversion she dreaded Sunday school, for she had been in the habit of "acting up" almost every Sunday, giving the teachers and superintendent no end of trouble.

About June she concluded she would either have to teach or be bad again, for she couldn't be good any longer. Hearing that one of the theologues was trying to start a Sunday school in the east end of the town, she asked him if she might work up a class. She was at this time but eleven years old, and when she stood before him in her short skirts and sailor hat, with a broad grin on her face and a merry twinkle in her eye, the romp of the neighborhood, he regarded her with curiosity, and looked as if he thought she might be joking. However, she got what she wanted, and for six years taught earnestly and constantly one of the largest classes in the school, composed of boys from ten to twenty years of age, many of them ahead of her in their studies.

At the age of seventeen the family moved to Rapid City, Manitoba, where her father had opened a

"School of the Prophets," though just who the prophets were she never was able to find out. Here she was first introduced to hard work and "roughing it," and was first brought in contact with Indian life.

During the spring the Indians used to leave the reservations, making excursions through the country and returning in the fall to harvest their crops. Their favorite camping-ground was along the banks of the Saskatchewan, near Rapid City, so that during most of the summer, long rows of tepees were to be seen as far as the eye could reach. She describes the pow-wow, and pictures the great bonfire, surrounded by Indian braves and squaws in frightful costumes, and says: "As the fire lit up faces and forms, scenes never to be obliterated were burned into my mind. At intervals they danced and yelled as if mad, beating tin pans and drums, after which they would sit in a silent circle round the fire with their feet in the ashes—an awful sight for the pale moon to shine upon, and pale Christians not to shine upon. They used to come to the college by dozens to get butter-milk and see the 'big tepee,' as they called the building. Entering without knocking, and wearing not shoes but moccasins, they made almost no noise, so that the sight of one or more might be expected at any time in any part of the house. They were always well-behaved and strictly honest."

Speaking of the work at the college, she says: "As in all new countries, help was exceedingly hard to secure, girls not being found who were willing to work for either love or money (the students offered the love and papa the money); but during the winter young women came to the school who worked for their education, so that I was able to devote most of my time to teaching and studying, taking up theology and putting down theologues."

She refers to the third and last year at Prairie College as the hardest of her life. Crops failed; minks killed all the hens and geese; the college was moved to Toronto, leaving the family utterly penniless, for her father had put into the school every cent of the money that came to him from his father's

estate. "Frosts came early," she writes, "and I was compelled to go into the field with the men and work two weeks picking up potatoes, and, after all, they were frost-bitten and had to be piled into the kitchen to be picked over. Papa and I picked those five hundred bushels all over three times during the winter, cutting off the frozen ends, and in the spring they were every one frozen solid.

"After the potatoes were in, came threshing. Besides our own twenty, there were twenty-five others to cook for, and the cream and butter from eight cows to look after. I did all the churning and bread-making at night, and for two weeks scarcely slept at all, lying down without undressing. I rendered lard, corned beef, melted snow, scrubbed, washed, and kept my eye on a hundred and one other things.

"Under the strain my physical strength gave way, and I was pronounced by the doctor to be in galloping consumption. I lay in bed for six months, parched with fever and racked with pain. At one time the household was called in to see me breathe my last, but instead of 'kicking the bucket,' I quietly kicked the quilt over my mother's head. When worn-out nature had had a good rest, eighty-four pounds of me got up, and in three years I had quite recovered. I can now see that during all this time the Lord had been giving me such an education for future usefulness as I could not have gotten in any school in the land."

After the removal of the college from Manitoba, Dr. Crawford accepted a call to become pastor of the church in St. Thomas, North Dakota, and Isabel opened another chapter of life in the role of a frontier pastor's daughter. After six happy and profitable years in North Dakota, where she had the best Bible class in the Red River Valley, her father decided to return to Canada, his health beginning to break.

It was an almost overwhelming trial to the parents that they were unable to give Isabel the same educational advantages that they had given her sisters. They did what they could, however, and scarcely a day passed that she was not carefully instructed in the doctrines and difficult passages of Scripture, for

her father had a horror of people who were not sound in the faith and had "crotchets," as he called them. Her mother also read to and with her the very best literature of the ages, bringing to the study a wealth of information hard to surpass.

Shortly after the return of the family to Canada, Isabel came to Chicago, having earned and saved from her painting and reciting enough to pay her own expenses in the school. "In June, 1892," she writes, "I was fatherless."

Miss Crawford graduated from the Baptist Missionary Training School of Chicago in June, 1893, and began work among the Kiowas under the auspices of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society the following November. With Miss Hattie Everts, her associate, she reached Elk Creek the evening of November 23d, having ridden from Anadarko, a distance of fifty-seven miles, in a "prairie schooner."

The story of her experiences as a missionary among Kiowa Indians, first at Elk Creek and afterward at Saddle Mountain, is told in the following pages, almost entirely in her own words.

I am going to write you a big, long letter, telling you a little of the month's experiences, and expect you to laugh and cry, both at the same time. The month was begun by cleaning poor Komal's house. He and his wife only stayed a little while at the Creek after the baby died, and when I went up to the house and saw everything was going to ruin, I could not help undertaking to get it in order. In three days I had it sweet and clean and everything mended. Komal had asked Mr. Lancaster to take the pickets off his fence and make a railing round the baby's grave, for the coyotes and wolves were digging into it, so we (Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster and myself) went out to the graveyard and worked till it was done. If you could visit that graveyard and see the bleached bones on all the other graves, and then stand and view this little grave with the door-panel tombstone and picket fence, you would say, "Thank God, the Gospel has reached these Indians at last."

Shortly after this Mr. Lancaster went to Cheyenne

to hunt up a claim, as all whites were being ordered out of the reservation. He expected to be gone only four days, but did not return for over two weeks. In the meantime we ran out of wood, and of course I helped skirmish for more. One evening after the sewing meeting, I decided to cross the creek and get a load on my back. So I donned my rubber boots and slipped out unknown to Mrs. Lancaster, who always wanted to do it all. I got a fine pack, and succeeded in getting across the creek with it, but when I got about half-way up the steep bank, a briar caught round my lower extremities, and I either had to let go of the wood or roll into the water myself. I let go of the wood, and have been angry ever since, when I think of it, for the water wouldn't have hurt me one bit, and then I would have had the satisfaction of sticking to what I had begun.

Expecting to board all winter, I had purchased no furniture, and when the thought came to me that I must go to the parsonage when the Lancasters moved, my first thought was, "On what shall I sleep?" Accordingly, I made a tick, and with a hoe and rake made my way to a grassy spot on the prairie, followed by three dogs and two pigs, and hoed and raked till I filled my tick, and then returned at the head of the same procession.

Mr. Lancaster then sent a man down to help kill the pigs and pack up. An Indian had promised to assist in the pig-killing, but, unfortunately, I had given him a quilt to sew at home, and message after message proved fruitless, for he wasn't going to leave that quilt to kill anybody's pigs. Again I offered my services, and did what I could, which wasn't much, to make two pigs less in the world. You may wonder how I stood it, but if a thing must be done, it must be done. The pigs are dead and salted, and the sun shines as usual.

It was cold, cold, cold, a few nights later, and I filled my hot-water bag, and looked upon it and loved it; but it burst. Determined to look upon the bright side of it, I said to myself, "Well, it's true I've lost the bag, but I feel I've got the water yet."

The Lancasters left, and I proceeded to clean the

house thoroughly. The Indians came up just as I had finished the kitchen, and, raking things out of the garret, soon made it dirtier than ever. Then Komal's brother brought in two big, greasy, rusty pots, and placing them before me said, "You heap savais, you go ahead." I replied, "Maunhe me heap savais your wife; me no do it," and I did just what I said. Then I rode up to the parsonage behind the load of things and carried a pail of water.

If I had had the least idea that the house in which the Lancasters lived would not have been finished before cold weather, I would scarcely have had the courage to return, for I knew the parsonage would not be comfortable, and there was nowhere else to go. So I look at it this way: the Lord is in it, and means me to just do my very best, and with His help I mean to, if I shiver at every step. When I saw my room at the parsonage my blood ran cold, for it was just like a barn loft, and for a week I nearly froze; but I went at it and tacked felt paper on the walls, and Mr. Hicks put some on the ceiling yesterday, so that the wind doesn't whistle through quite so wildly. I wore my sunbonnet all the time I was in the room, and tacked chamois skin around the head of my bed.

I see I am not half through the month's experiences, so I will have to skip much that I would like to tell you. Mr. and Mrs. Hicks went to Rainy Mountain, with the interpreter, for Christmas, and I cut wood, dug half my garden, husked corn, watered stock, made manure plaster for the chicken-house and put it on half of it, made ice cream, and killed a hen in the four days they were gone.

Have not been able to have a good bath for three weeks till to-day; I've been washing one foot (twelve inches) at a time, but to-day I got two cups of rain water and had a good bath. My flannels and myself are shrinking together, so that is something to be glad of. Am in excellent health and cheerful as a cricket. Am able and thankful to do my own cooking yet. Don't worry one bit or "write me every week," for I wouldn't leave Elk Creek for anything, and some time all this rough work will be done.

Now, I want to tell you about the field. I feel

satisfied that more progress has been made this year up to the present time than was made all last winter. I feel thoroughly satisfied, and if the Indians will only stay here, when they come back next time, till we can have some special meetings with them, I think there will be some conversions. They are all so eager and willing to hear. Do you remember my telling of an Indian who ordered us out of his tepee last year with a knife? A few weeks ago he was sick, and with the interpreter I went to see him. His eyes were very bad and he was shivering with the cold. I told him that Jesus always cured sick people when He was here, when they asked Him, and maybe He might cure him now, but I didn't know; but I did know He would cure his poor sick soul, that was far worse than his body, if he really wanted Him to. Then I asked him if I might ask Jesus to save him, and when he said, "Yes," I walked round the campfire to him, and laying my hand on the hand that, only a year ago, had drawn a knife on me, I did pray for the poor, lost, sin sick soul and body. When I rose from my knees he seized my hand and sobbed out some broken sentences. I asked the interpreter what he was saying, and he said, "He is trying to pray." I gave him a warm shirt, and ordered a cord of wood for him. He has been up to take dinner with me once since, and has not missed a single meeting. He never came last year, and scowled at us every time he saw us.

Last time I went to Little Bow's camp, Mrs. Big Bow came to me and said, "Amanda's papoose heap sick, pretty soon die. You go." I flew into the tepee and found a very sick baby, the father bowed over it, holding a mescal bean on its chest. Little Bow said, "You pray," almost as soon as I got in. Of course, I prayed, and then got warm water, steamed the baby fifteen minutes, rolled it in a blanket, and took complete charge of it all day. When I left, the fever was gone, and it took the first food it had taken for two days. I wish you could have seen those people, as I gave the lesson on Jairus's daughter; how they did listen, and how they did thank me, and how I did try to hide behind Jesus.

I want to tell you one more experience. They killed

a pig not far from where I was holding a meeting one day, and all the mothers flew over to get a piece, leaving me with five or six babies. After waiting long enough, as I thought, I began to cry like a baby in awful agony. Of course, every mother started back on the run, expecting to find her baby in convulsions. And if they did not laugh and sew after this! They all enjoyed the joke.

Now, I think I have reached the end of my chapter. You see I wrote a mean, blue letter last time, and I wanted this time to explain just why I was blue, and to assure you that I have now assumed my natural Irish hue. I go to Anadarko to-morrow with Mr. Hicks, the interpreter, and a tent to hold meetings with the Indians, who are there from all over the reservation. Will be there a week at the least. Am glad of the change, and hope I can get one good warming somewhere. I am praying that many souls may be saved, and among them, all that live on Elk Creek.

The Lord has been marvelously good to me, keeping me in wonderful health; and so I rest content in mind, but active in body.

Please don't think I'm having too many hardships. I can stand more yet. He never sends too many. I'll stand anything if I can see even one soul saved. Pray for the Indians; we have ruined them.

CHRISTMAS LIGHT IN DARK LIVES.

The 13th of March, 1895, was a cold, windy, disagreeable day. The evening was the time set for Elk Creek's first Christmas tree. By three o'clock one tepee was set up in the yard, and by half-past four the congregation had arrived. The tree was a famous big one, and upon three of the branches the Indians had tied tails of animals they had captured, by way of ornamentation. After singing and prayer, and a talk by the pastor, the presents were distributed, and no children at a Christmas tree were ever more eager than these men and women. (The children over seven are all at school.) Could those who had contributed the gifts have been present, their hearts would have been filled with glad emotions, to think that they had been

the means of bringing a little sunshine into these dark lives.

Dark lives? Yes, **dark, dark, dark** lives! No people over the sea could have suffered more than some of those who sat in the chapel at Elk Creek on the night of the first Christmas tree! As I looked over the audience I saw men, women, and even children, whose hearts had been wrung and twisted till they were numb from intense suffering.

In one seat was a handsome Indian boy of about eighteen. It is said that about two years before he loved a little schoolgirl of fifteen, and his love was reciprocated. The mother sold her to her sister's husband, and he beat her so cruelly that her pretty face soon became sad and hardened. One year and a half she lived with him, and four weeks ago appeared at Elk Creek, having been stolen, not by her lover, but by another Indian; she, poor child, being willing to do anything to get rid of him whom her soul loathed. In the same seat, at the far end, sat the very girl, and three seats ahead sat the man who had stolen her.

A little way back, in another seat, sat a chief's daughter, a girl of about fifteen. Her father had given her to an Indian much older than she, and very superstitious. When their little baby died he fled from the camp, and has never been seen here since. A little woman, with a sad, sweet face, sat holding a dear little baby about a year old. Her husband had tired of her, and had just bought a new wife for a buggy, a few days before, and had not returned to Elk Creek. Another Indian was present who had bought his wife for two ponies, two years before he saw her, when she was eleven years old. Mrs. Lone Wolf sat in the front seat with little Henson in her arms, a picture of motherly love and devotion, yet Lone Wolf had bought her for a cow, as he explained, before he knew the Jesus road. There were men and women present whose hair and fingers had been cut off at the death of loved ones, and many more whose histories might make you wonder if the Christmas tree was really in America.

I have told you enough to let you see that Indian

girls are all either sold, stolen, or given away, and to show you the great need of Christian women who will win the hearts of the mothers and try to instruct them in a better way.

After the presents were distributed, I went through the audience to call to the front all who had plowed, fenced, or carried the wood for their wives this spring. None responded to the call until I singled them out, and then seven came forward and sat in a semi-circle in front of me, while I talked to them:

“We are heap glad to see Indians work. This is good. White men heap work, and are away ahead. Indians no work, and are all time behind. I know a heap of white men, but I don’t know one who has a hundred and sixty acres of land for each of his papooses. If Indians work as brave as white men, pretty soon Indians away head. Jesus’ book says, ‘No work—no chuck-a-way’ (food). Indians all time hungry. No work—no chuck-a-way—see?

“These Indians on the floor, heap work. We heap like them. I will give them a little chuck-a-way (here I produced a box of raspberry tarts, and proceeded). It takes a heap of work to make one of these. Me catch ’em flour, lard, butter, water, fruit, work a long time, fire cook ’em. Men plowed and planted wheat, worked it round and round long time, flour catch ’em. Men cows catch, milk knocked up and down, butter catch ’em. Men pigs catch, kill ’em, fat heap cook, lard catch ’em. Women fruit catch, and after heap work these leetle chuck-a-ways.

It makes our hearts sorry to see all this land no growing, and hear white men say, ‘Indians heap lazy.’ We want you all to work and plow. Oats, wheat, and corn plant; cows, pigs, and horses catch; fruit grow; then pretty soon heap chuck-a-way. All us white people know how to work, and we will help you. This is what we are here for—to help you on all good roads. No work—no chuck-a-way.”

And I passed the tarts to the working men, whose eyes were just sparkling with delight. (What’s the use of our coming out here to teach the women how to do more work while the men bask in the sun?)

Peanuts, candy and popcorn were then passed around, and in half an hour the great event was all over.

It was pitch-dark, and the Indians, being afraid, returned to the church to wait till the moon was up. We left them a lamp and retired, for we were all pretty well played out. After I got to my room I remembered that I had left the box, with seven tarts in it and the cover off, on the window next the lamp. If it had been a white audience I should have known better than ever to have expected to see even the cover of the box again. Bright and early next morning I went over to the church. There was the lamp, with the light extinguished, and next it the box with the seven tarts, all as I had left them! ! !

Two days after I went up to Lone Wolf's camp, where four of the working Indians lived, and gave them a lesson from Luke vi, 1, 2, impressing on them these two facts: that those "cornfields" never grew without work, and that all unnecessary work should cease on Sunday. There is no trouble getting the Indians to stop work on Sunday, but there is trouble getting them to work the other six days.

How often we hear people say, "The lazy beggars—let them work"; and that is right where the trouble is. We have **let them** work long enough. Now it is time to roll up our sleeves to show them how. I wonder how many of us would be working to-day if our parents or guardians had said, "Let them alone; let us see what they will do." I think if we had been **let grow** up like this we would be bearing the same relation to the Indians to-day that Johnny bore to Tommy. Tommy's mother called downstairs, "Thomas, what are you doing?" and Tommy replied, "Nothing." Then she called to Johnny, "John, what are you doing?" and Johnny replied, "Helping Tommy."

THE FIRST FRUITS.

ELK CREEK, O. T., April 15, 1895.

MY DEAR MISS BURDETTE:—It was on your birthday, as well as on Easter Sunday that

"Happy day, happy day,

When Jesus washed my sins away."

echoed up and down a small streamlet far out on an Indian reservation.

A little while before a procession had been formed at Komal's house, and, two by two, Indian men, women, and children, decked in feathers, beads, paint, and blankets of the brightest hues, had marched to the water and seated themselves along the picturesque banks waiting anxiously for that which was to follow.

Far up on the highest point of a bank, a Kiowa soldier, mounted on a white horse, sat gazing reverently upon the scene. Far up above the highest point of the bank an angelic messenger hovered, "to carry the tidings home, to the new Jerusalem." Then soft on the air rose the accents of prayer, and the water fairly danced at our feet, as if overflowing with joy to think that at last one of the great objects of its life was about to be accomplished. Had not the Great Father made it shallow and clear and beautiful? For years it had ministered to the physical needs of man and beast, but was there no higher purpose for which it had been fashioned?

Then away it glided to fling itself with mad delight into the bosom of the parent stream, only being able to bear with it a faint whisper of "Happy Day," ere it lost itself in the deeper, broader expanse.

**"Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away,"**

and Mrs. Lone Wolf stepped into the water to be buried with her Lord in Christian baptism, while the chief stood on the bank holding a red blanket, in which he wrapped her after she came out, and then, placing his arm around her, waited.

"Happy day, happy day," and Komal's sister entered the watery grave to show to those on shore that, although old, the Gospel had not come too late for her.

"Happy day, happy day," and a woman from another part of the reservation obeyed the divine command.

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of

God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all."

The soldier turned his horse, the congregation dispersed, but ere the first movement was made the angelic messenger had entered the pearly gates and told around the throne that three Indian women, after carefully studying the "living epistles" sent them, had believed, and that afternoon had been baptized in Elk Creek, while the missionaries sang, "O happy day;" and He who sat upon the throne said, "These are my beloved children, in whom I am well pleased; go back and watch for more."

Rejoicingly yours, BELLE CRAWFORD.

ALL ALONE AND "NO SCARED."

About thirty miles from Elk Creek, in the region of Saddle Mountain, there was a settlement of Indians without a missionary.

Fifteen miles east of Saddle Mountain the Methodists had a church, in which they held services irregularly once a month. Twenty miles northeast the Presbyterians had a mission school. Seventeen miles northwest the Baptists had Immanuel Mission, and as I have said, thirty miles west was the Elk Creek mission, with Rev. G. W. Hicks in charge.

On Saddle Mountain Creek there were about seventy-nine Indians, with fourteen children in the government school at Rainy Mountain, twelve miles west. On Sugar Creek, seven miles west, were sixty-four Indians with twenty children in school. In and about Spring Creek, six miles southeast, were seventy-six Indians, with sixteen children in school, and on Cache Creek, ten miles northeast, were thirty-one Indians, with four children in school, making in all about three hundred people.

I made a trip to Anadarko to ascertain whether it would be thought safe and proper for me to go to them alone, and the verdict was, "It is all right if you can stand it." Accompanied by an Indian and his wife, and seated on a high load of stuff, we at last started. The first camp we reached was Little

Robe's and he rode to us in all haste, extending his hand and saying, "Tell her I'm so glad; I can't say it."

We spent the night on Sugar Creek, and next morning were on the road again, bright and early. Cowboys with a thousand head of cattle passed on before, and Indians on horseback surrounded them from all directions demanding a beef. As we could not go rapidly, the great winding herd and its followers were soon lost to sight.

On account of our load we had to go to an easy crossing on Sugar Creek, and when at last we passed over and ascended the opposite bank, we found ourselves face to face with a number of Indians, and in their midst a poor, skinny, sickly cow. "Buck Jim," with his trigger pulled, was just taking aim to shoot the creature when something happened; I know not what, but in about a second he had wheeled his pony round and was standing at my side with gun cocked and knife in hilt.

Was he going to shoot and scalp me?

No one could prove who did the deed. Now was his chance for revenge.

Holding his gun at arm's length, so as not to frighten me, he seized my hand and shook it vigorously, while the rest crowded round saying, "You no scared! You no scared! One white woman, all alone with Indians, and no scared! May-be-so we scalp you! Heap brave! Pretty soon a chief!" After the congratulations were over, Buck Jim again mounted his pony, and in a few seconds I heard a loud report, and knew that the tired cow had fallen. The men skinned it, the women chopped it up; hands covered with blood were extended in farewell, and in the drenching rain the bright train scattered. We reached Saddle Mountain Creek wet to the skin, but a good warm fire and a night's sound sleep prevented any ill consequences.

As the news of our arrival spread, Indians rode in from all directions to see if it could possibly be true that one white woman had come to them all alone.

Let me repeat a few of the things they said: "We like you for coming this way. You trust us." "We

want to say, 'Thank you' to you for coming, but the 'Thank you' to Jesus is away ahead." "I am glad you have come to us. No white Jesus man ever 'sat down' with us. You, one white woman, all alone among Indians and no scared—this is good. We like this. White people all afraid we scalp them. They do not know our hearts. The Great Father knows our hearts better than white men. He knows we are not bad. The Great Father told you we would be good to you and He came over here with you. We give you our hands, and our hearts are open for you to see. We have no one to help us about Jesus over here, and we all want you to stay and tell us, and we will listen with our hearts, and pretty soon some of us will be Christians."

"Who made these mountains? Who made this river? Who made these trees? Who made this ground? The Great God our Father, and I know we are His children, and we pray to Him. One 'Jesus woman' come up here; who sent her? The Great God our Father, that He may teach us more. We will come every Sunday and hear her pray. I don't know how to show that I believe Jesus sent her except by saying, 'Thank you,' 'Thank you,' 'Thank you,' to Jesus."

For five weeks I lived in tepees and tents, camping on creeks at the foot of mountains, moving about in great, heavy lumber wagons, with Indian men, women, and children, dogs, fleas, bedding, rags, strips of raw beef and bones.

Sometimes we stopped long enough for all to take a bath, sometimes only a few moments till some one brought a pail of cool water from a spring in a mountain side, and sometimes we remained in the same place several days.

Every evening we gathered round the campfire to talk about the wonderful Book, till all were "sleep hungry," and then with a prayer to heaven for protection we separated to meet again at the morning campfire.

When it was suggested that perhaps the sisters "away East" would not let me "sit down" with them, an Indian said: "Our Great Father is strong.

He is kind to us; He has given us these trees; He has given us these mountains; He has given us this land, and He has made them so white men cannot pick them up and carry them off. He is very powerful, and we will all pray together to Him to put you on the same road so that you may sit down with us a long time, for we have nobody to tell us about this good road over here."

When the message came: "At the meeting of the Executive Board held yesterday the women voted to allow you to remain at Saddle Mountain as long as it shall be safe and prudent," there was great joy and rejoicing.

THE INTERPRETER'S STORY.

By Lucius Aitsan.

When the elm trees turn red in February, near spring, I was born.

The Kiowas and Utes were fighting at the head of the Canadian River and the Utes had burned To-haw-san's tepee. To-haw-san was government chief at that time. My father was a Mexican captive. He and his older brother were out looking for the milk cows when the Kiowas came upon them. The brother got away but Mokeen was captured. My father was seven years old. My mother was one of Santanta's four wives and after he was killed she married my father. She had one son before, Odlepaugh.

The night I was born was awful cold, but my father and mother were camped in the timber on the river, in a buffalo tepee, near a big red hill.

Everybody was glad to see me and because I was a boy they painted my face yellow. If I had been a girl they would have put on red.

"Heap of Bears," the Indian they called my grandfather, was very much pleased with me and when an old Cheyenne Indian picked me up in his arms and kissed me, he gave him a good black horse. Another Cheyenne gave me a pair of moccasins, some pretty buttons and a shirt, and grandfather gave him another horse. A Blackfoot Indian had been spying round the camps for some time. One night "Heap of

Bears'' saw him and called to him. Thinking he was a Cheyenne he came up close and touched my grandfather who shot him dead. The Kiowas all thought this very smart and they called me Aitsan, which means ''Kill-him-on-the-sly.''

My father and mother both belonged to the Sun Dance religion.

Every summer ''Big Medicine Councils'' were held and no water was drunk for three days and three nights. When I was three years old my father took me in for half a day and gave me no water. After that every summer I went to the Sun Dance meetings and my father prayed that I might be a great man on the war path, steal horses, and kill and scalp people. My mother loved me very much and took good care of me. I didn't run into other tepees a lot and she never let me stay away all day long. She made me a little buffalo tepee, and I had a little donkey and a white dog with red on top. When the camp moved, the donkey carried my tepee and the little dog. I began to learn to shoot when I was four years old. When I was six my father brought home a buffalo calf and tied it to a tree. He showed me where to shoot and I hit it right on the heart and we all had a ''big eat.''

When I was nine years old Mr. Thomas Battey came to start a school on Cache Creek and brought a big tent. One day I went in and was so surprised to see big pictures of all kinds of animals and fish. Mr. Battey said the names and pointed to them and then we tried to say the words. One day a woman ran in and took her son by the arm and took him out and my mother came in and took me out, too. They said we would die like the Caddoes if we looked at those pictures.

Up to this time the Kiowas had never done any work except hunt. Government tried to make them, but they wouldn't, and when sheep were issued to them they ate them. Charlie Galibein, our blind deacon, and I were shepherd boys and lots of times we would kill a sheep and eat it while out herding. At last the government got some of the men to plough and plant a field, but most of the Kiowas stood round

watching and giving "funny talk." When the corn and melons came up everybody was so surprised and they ate a whole lot before the things were ripe and ever so many got sick and died. My mother was one of them and after that I was very lonesome. My father loved me just the same, but a man can't take care of a child. I was fourteen years old. There was a school at Fort Sill then and I saw the children had such a good time that I wanted to go too, but my father wouldn't let me. I was big and wouldn't mind, so after a while he got discouraged and let me go, October 10, 1878. The first night I slept in a white man's house I was so happy I couldn't hardly sleep, because I had a chance to go to school. I learned to spell "cat" the first day before noon. In the afternoon I could spell "dog." The second day I could spell "a b c," and the next day "d e f." At the end of the week I knew "cat," "dog," "cow," "boy," "pig," "cup," and "cap" and the teacher said I was very "smeart." When the dinner bell rang I was so anxious to eat with a knife and fork.

In one moon my father came and asked me if I was lonesome and I said: "No, I am having a good time." I was so proud of myself when I could say "a b c" without the teacher.

The first Christmas tree surprised me very much and my heart hit very fast when they called my name on a red handkerchief and a monkey. When school was out in June lots of the boys and girls tore up their books and threw them away, but I kept mine and read it. That summer the agent wanted names of Indians to go away to Carlisle to school and Joshua Given and I gave ours, when my father was off hunting horses. We both went to Fort Sill on one horse and I was "awful skeered" we would meet my father. When my father heard, he said: "If you go I will kill myself," but I said, "I'm going anyhow." He didn't believe I would go. When I gave my name Agent Hunt said: "I will look after your poor, old father while you are gone," so I knew it was all right.

While we were in the office "Hunting Horse" came in with his little sister and said: "I love my

little sister but I want to send her to school," and the tears fell on their cheeks. I looked at her and said: "No use to send her away to school for she is such a little bit of a girl." I felt sorry for her—but I did not think to marry her then. Her mother was sitting outside crying. There were eleven of us wanted to go to school.

The agent sent my father to Anadarko for freight and he went because he didn't think I would go, but I did. When we got started and were coming near Cache Creek I saw the freight wagons and the men staking their horses. I was "awful skeered" and wanted to hide, but Joshua Given told me to sit still. My father saw me as he was bringing the horses up from the water and he dropped the rope and ran and took me in his arms and cried, and cried, and cried, and I cried too, and nearly gave out. When he stopped crying he prayed to the sun and said: "O sun, look upon my boy and let me see his face again." Next morning he kissed me good-bye and when the wagons passed us I heard him crying, crying, crying, awful hard.

At Anadarko the agent gave us letters to the chief clerk at Darlington and plenty of "chuck." When we got there Hunting Horse and Gueachat went back and we were sent to Arkansas City to the railroad with some men who were freighting for the school. When Mabel kissed her brother good-bye, she cried and I thought: "No use to send that poor little girl off to school." Poor little Mabel! I never thought she would be my wife. We were seven days on the road and it was awful cold. When I got up in the mornings I was stiff and I wore the blanket, too. It was a cold, cold night when we got in to Arkansas City. We heard the train coming a mile from the station and were so anxious to see it for we had never seen a train. We camped across the bridge and made a fire out of sunflower weeds and slept outdoors. In the morning the men took us to the station and a lot of white men ran calling: "Here's the Indians! Here's the Indians!"

Captain Pratt had telegraphed that he would be in on the next train, so we waited and when the track

shook and the engine ran past us we were all "skeered." When he got off we felt all right and went and looked at it all over. After we were all in the train and it began to move I was so frightened. The world went round and my dinner got skeered and came up. At Wichita, Kansas, Captain Pratt took us to a hotel, the first one I was ever in. The table was so beautiful I was proud of myself. We waited three or four days for some Cheyenne and Arapahoe boys and girls and I got my hair cut. At Fort Sill they only cut it on our shoulders, but this time I had it cut like the white men. Then they took us into a room and brought in a doctor and said if any of us were sick we would have to go back. I was the first to stand before the doctor and I was so "skeered." He said: "Pull off your shirt," and then he hit me all over and put his ear on me and heard I was a good healthy boy. Then Captain Pratt put down my name and I was awful glad. There were two who were sick and they begged awful hard to go even if they died. Captain Pratt gave them each \$5 and when we went to the station with them we all cried, we felt so sorry for them. The rest of us were three days on the train and were just like drunk.

After three years my time was up at Carlisle and I had to come back, but I wanted to stay longer and learn more. They called me Lucius Ben Aitsan. On the train coming back I got to love Mabel and after a while I married her. Two of the students went right back and picked up all their old roads again.

Mr. Weeks was an Episcopal minister at Anadarko and I went forward and had water put on my head and afterward Mabel and I were married before him. Paul Zotom preached every Sunday in a white man's dress, but after Mr. Weeks left he went on the crazy road and we all went with him.

After being assistant farmer at Anadarko one year I came to Saddle Mountain and located my farm and then went to Fort Sill and enlisted as a soldier. I was second sergeant and drank beer, but didn't gamble. I drank an awful lot of beer at first and was sick in bed. After, I only drank a little at a

time. When I was in Anadarko, Botton said to me: "Come to the Cat-lick Church and see wonderful things in all the world." When we got there they asked me to interpret and I got up to do it, but the man spoke so fast in some talk I didn't understand that I asked to be excused and sat down. They had candles and images and when they passed before Jesus they went as if they were going to sit down. After that I interpreted the gospel for Dr. Murrow and all the missionaries and I hid all their wise talks in my heart. I never told anybody, but I asked Jesus quietly to send a Jesus woman to our district and to my home that I might learn more. There was a man just like me in the Bible. He believed the best way he knew how, and Jesus knew it and sent a man to ride with him who explained everything so plainly that he understood and was baptized. When I first heard I believed and picked up the "little water road," but after the missionary came to my home and I understood more thoroughly I took the "big water road" and Mr. Clouse baptized Mabel and me in Elk Creek at the Association in June 28, 1896. Mabel did not follow me to be baptized, for I never asked her to. She followed just only Jesus. All the missionaries have helped me and I try to be kind to them all.

When I was discharged from Fort Sill, October 5, 1893, and came to my home at Saddle Mountain there were no Christians here and the Indians all lived in camps scattered along the different little creeks. We had no "Jesus day" and nothing special to live for but ourselves. To-day it is all changed. We are the same Indians, but we are all made over new. We got the same faces, but Jesus has given us new hearts, and we are different altogether.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

On the afternoon of February 16th, when the sun was leaning toward the west, the "Jesus woman" entered a tepee in time to see a little one take three breaths and die. "The sting of death" that isn't "sin" is the same the world over, and the stricken parents,

after placing the lifeless body in her arms, gave themselves over to uncontrollable anguish. What could she do but bow her head over the precious bundle and weep, too! After awhile she signed to them that they would bury the babe "Jesus' way," and they must not cut themselves. Then she hurried home to see about a coffin. The only box that was suitable was full of chips, so they were emptied, the box covered within and without, and the words, "Not dead, but living with Jesus," inscribed across the lid. In a short time she reached the tepee with the little coffin, and soon the babe lay peacefully amid the folds of white. The interpreter was away at the agency, so, by signs, she told the mourning ones the babe was not dead, but going about with Jesus, well and happy. It would never be sick nor cry again, but some day would be waiting and watching for them, if they learned to love Jesus in their hearts before it was too late. After the prayer she put the cover on the coffin and asked for a hammer, but the wailing increased so much that she removed it, and in her helplessness called again on Him who has said, "Cast thy burden on the Lord and **He will sustain thee.**" The sobbing ceased, the cover was replaced, the nails driven, and soon a wagon containing the coffin, an Indian man and his wife, the "Jesus woman," and three hoes, was moving rapidly away from the camp. Under a lone tree, about a mile distant, they hollowed out a grave for the dear little Indian baby whom the kind Father had taken to Himself before he felt the cruel grasp of the white man's iron clutch. When all was ready, and the coffin resting on the mother's red, orange, and green blanket, heads were again bowed in prayer to Him who once stood beside a grave and wept. Then, by the corners of the blanket, the casket was lowered, and all the little one's earthly belongings dropped in. The Indian and his wife had seen a Christian burial before, and they paused now for the "Jesus woman" to cast in the first handful of dust. Having such a horror of being thought a minister, she couldn't even act like one on this particularly sad occasion, so, gathering a handful of the soil, and signing to

the others to do the same, together, on their knees, they sprinkled the finest of the earth, until the last bright folds of the blanket were covered, and then they worked with their hoes. The sun had sunk to rest, bathed in a living glory, and the sad moon had climbed over the neighboring hills, ere their mournful task was ended, but in neither light could there be seen, north, south, east, nor west, the glimmer of anything that looked like a church-steeple.



Lorimer Lone Wolf was dying. The family camped in the yard, and sobbing and wailing were mingled with the smoke as it rose in wreaths through the top of the tepee. At eleven o'clock at night I sat holding the little sufferer, the mother completely worn out by continuous watching, and the father bowed down with grief. Presently the chief looked up and sighed: "You heap tired; my heart is sick; I cannot sleep. You give to me my papoose; go to your room and sleep, and when he stops breathing I'll bring him in." I arose and went to my room, but not to sleep.

At about two o'clock the flap of the tepee lifted and an Indian stepped into the bright moonlight, wrapped in a gray blanket, and carrying something tenderly in his arms. I knew it was the chief with the lifeless body of his son. Next day was Sunday, and the Indians, not knowing there was death, came up to service. On a chair in front of the pulpit the box rested, and on the cover was painted a wreath of flowers encircling the words:

LONE WOLF'S BABY.

"SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS."

WAITING FOR YOU.

Chapel at Saddle Mountain

After the sermon all who wished to see the babe were asked to come to the front. Immediately the chief arose, the blanket covering his head, and stepping round to the right side, gazed a moment in astonishment, for the babe was robed in white. Slowly he stooped and kissed the baby's forehead, then its

eyes, its cheeks, its lips, and burying his head in the little neck, sobbed convulsively. Then wrapping the blanket tightly about him, for it had fallen from his shoulders, he made as if to go to the seat. He paused, turned back, and lifting one of the little hands, stroked it tenderly, raised it to his lips, bathed it with tears, and kissing the other, sought the bench only to give way to a flood of tears.

The mother came next, she, too, giving evidence of surprise as she gazed on her "babe in white." Was she going to take him up and hold him a while to her aching bosom? Only an instant she gazed, and then her mother's heart gave way, and sobbing filled the sanctuary.

One by one the other Indians passed up, each shaking the little lifeless hand in solemn farewell. One man and woman alone remained in their seats. Two short months before the angel of death had visited their tepee, taking their only babe. Signing to them that they had better come, the man arose, cold and determined, as if bound not to give way.

He gazed, shook hands, took two steps, and then, turning, threw himself over the coffin, sobbing passionately as he took the little face between his hands, and kissing it, thought of his own little one, who had gone on "the long and distant journey."*

And these are the people whom we think monsters, without hearts, souls or minds, whose whole beings are full of hatred, ferocity, and blood-thirstiness, with no family affections, no love of home, and none of the sensitive feelings that all other human beings have.

CATCHING THE NEW ROADS.

Two years ago to-day (April 8th, 1898) I left Elk Creek with this prayer:

"Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand."

And if in other periods of my life I have doubted the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I am satisfied that these years have been ordered of the Lord. Coming

alone with the Indians, I had no where to lay my head. First, I lived in a tent, then in a tepee, and then in a house that was already full to overflowing. The writing was done, first, on my lap, then on the cover of a black box, and then on a biscuit-box.

Now I am comfortably settled in my own rooms, with an excellent associate, and do my writing on a spool cabinet desk.

The Father came with me, and He had no place to call His own, either. First, He met us in a tepee, then under the trees, then under a canvas tied on the top of six poles, and then under the arbor. Now He has a grand Gospel tent, and speaks through the best interpreter on the reservation. Up to this year I have only been able to hold on to the work; now the Lord, I think, is putting us in a position to push a little. The Indians are progressing nicely—more, perhaps, spiritually than physically, for they make **more of an effort** “to catch the Jesus road” than to catch a plow. They never had such opportunities to succeed. The agent, Major F. D. Baldwin, is doing wonders for them, and the schools and missionaries are doing their best in their different departments.

Of course, there is the chronic dislike to work to overcome, but we must not expect too much from this generation. Said an Indian to me the other day: “Long time ago God gave the land to white men and women, and they didn’t have to work; they just had to look after things. Then these white people went crazy in their hearts and began to steal, and the Great Father turned them off the land, and told them to work till the water ran down their backs. Then they went on the warpath and killed everybody till they were taken captives.

“Long time ago God gave Indians land, and they didn’t steal, and their hearts were good, every day, every day, every day. They didn’t have to work, either, but just hunted buffalo. After a while crazy white men came and stole all the buffalo, and gave them the work road. Then they went on the warpath, and killed everybody till they were beaten.

White people are heap crazy. The Great Father didn't give the work road."

Following out this line of argument, the Gospel period comes next, and I think perhaps it has begun to dawn on this tribe, for many have professed conversion and united with the church, while the "Jesus road" is a general topic of conversation in all of the camps. This winter our meetings have been full of interest, several having come out clearly on the Lord's side, and the older Christians give evidence of a practical growth. We find it unwise to urge immediate baptism, so ask all to wait and study their hearts carefully before making a public profession. The camp-meetings are the times of general ingathering, for those who have been waiting usually come forward then.

Said one: "We are poor and do not know anything. White people know everything. We want you to help us keep them away from here, for we are weak and poor yet. Sundays we are all glad to come to service to see each other, and learn a great deal about Jesus. Missionaries help us, but we want them to lift us higher, so we can stand strong when we talk to Him. We learn something every day. We are learning to live in our houses, and after awhile when all are Christians we will be all right. When we are happy we laugh."

Another: "It was hard for me at first, but I tried hard to follow Jesus Christ. I have been trying so hard to walk straight. I believe I am leading all my children behind me. You all know me, for I have lived here a long time. I am a different woman altogether. I don't like traveling round so much. I would like to stay at home and come here and hear about Jesus all the time. I am hungry and He fills up my soul. When F—and his wife had a fight at my house, I just jumped to my bed and prayed for them. They say they are Christians, but they belong to the devil, and I try to be easy with them. I get ready for Sunday, and cook for the unsaved, for I want them to come and hear. I believe if we feed them, we will satisfy their hearts, and after awhile they will travel with us to follow Jesus Christ."

Another: "You ask me if I steal. I will tell you. A long time ago, when I was a girl, I stole two things, a spoon and a hoe. When I got to be a strong young woman I helped three other women to lasso a white man's cow. We dragged it to a tree, and it was mad and ran round and round till it was fast, and then we pounded its head with a stone and killed it, and packed it on our ponies and went away. After my husband died I went to Komal's brother's tepee and stole him, and then he had two wives. He was not good to me; once he cut my head open with a stick, but he died, and his wife died, and I am the only one alive. The Great Father saved me. I had all these steals in my heart till Jesus came and took them from me, and threw them away. Now I have no steals in my heart, and I am a good woman."

Another: "A long time ago I did bad things, because I did not know our Great Father. You see my skin; little pieces of it were cut out and given to the Great Spirit, and I worshiped that way. I heard the Gospel five years ago, and I believed it. It was just as if somebody said in my ear, 'This is the way to be saved.' The Holy Spirit came and converted my heart and myself to Him. I pray to Him and ask Him about my work. I studied two years before I was baptized, and the Great Father watched my heart. I am glad to have these services, so I can hear more about Jesus. The devil can't lead me, because I stand away from him. The Great Father gave me my place, and I live there. If I go away and do not work, the Great Father is not pleased with me."

These Indians are not poor, and their indifference about work is the only reason that they are not rich to-day. The obstacles they have to contend with now, since Major Baldwin has revolutionized things, are no more than others have to meet and overcome.

My daily prayer is that we may so teach the necessary relation of works to faith that when the Indians are studying the "Jesus road" in their hearts, they may study the "work road" with it, and "catch" both together.

A NOTABLE COUNCIL AND A WISE ROAD

Saddle Mountain is so called from its likeness in outline to a soldier's saddle. From its summit one can get a magnificent view of the valley between the two ranges of hills. Indian houses, tents, and tepees dot the landscape, while the different little streams, winding in and out, lend their beauty to the already enchanting view. Before the coming of the first missionary these Indians had sealed their hearts against all inroads of the white race. They said: "We will not have these men to reign over us;" and when Sugar Creek was selected as the site for the government school they objected so strongly that it was thought best to locate it at Rainy Mountain.

When the Great Father brought them a missionary, a little white woman who could not defend her scalp five minutes against them, they were mightily stirred and said: "We will let this Jesus woman sit down with us because the Great Father has sent her, but we will give no land to Jesus for we do not want a church in here. White men are dangerous." Understanding the feeling about the land, we called a council and they were told plainly that they would never be asked for one foot of land if the missionary remained with them one hundred years. If they didn't want to give Jesus any land they could tell Him the reason when they met Him. They were greatly surprised over this "new road," and some of them ventured to say: "May be so, after a long time a lot of us will catch the Jesus road in our hearts and then we will want a church and give the land."

At the close of my first year at the Training School my room-mate, Miss Henrietta Wright, then of Chicacole, India, put a gold dollar in my hand, saying, "You are a pretty sensible girl and believe in missionaries having nice things as well as other people, so I am going to give you this gold dollar to wear on your watch-chain by way of remembrance. It is a coin that has been sold more than once to bring money into the treasury of the Lord."

At the close of my second year at the Training

School, Miss Burdette placed in my hand a ten cent piece, saying, "It belongs to the Queen. I have no use for it, take it back to Canada with you and spend it."

The golden coin did not adorn the watch-chain, the silver piece remained unspent, and Liberty and the Queen had their heads together for three years and a half before they knew what to do with themselves.

Lucius Aitsan, the interpreter at Saddle Mountain, is a wonderfully progressive Indian and anxious that his children should follow all good roads. On his little daughter's second birthday these coins were given to her (and another for herself) with the following letter:

SADDLE MT., January 28, 1897.

My Dear Little Sarah:

You are just two years old to-day and one of the dearest, sweetest little baby girls that ever lived. I have made you a cake and a plum pudding, and hope you will eat all you possibly can, because they were made on purpose for you.

This ten cent piece, without the hole in it, is for you. You are to go into the store, on your mother's back and tell the man you want candy. Then you are to hand him the money and he is to put the candy bag into your own hands.

The other ten cents and the little gold dollar are not for you to spend; they are for something else, and I will tell you about it.

Some day the Kiowas will want a Jesus house over here. They do not want one now, but by and by Jesus will change their hearts and then they will change their minds themselves. This money is to be put by for that church so that you, a little baby girl, just two years old, are the very first to start a church for the Kiowas at Saddle Mountain, and I hope some day, when you are old enough, you will go into it and give Jesus your heart.

* * * * *

The parents were delighted but thought it best to say nothing in public about the matter. We talked about it in the house, however, and about a week later

a woman sent up ten cents to be put with the other coins.

That winter a number of the Indians were converted and baptized and our little building fund just doubled itself to \$2.20 and no one had ever been asked for a cent.

Next came the organization of our Missionary Society, "God's Light upon the Mountain," and they were told about the Society that sent to them their very first missionaries. Their hearts were greatly stirred, and the money barrels upon the table were eagerly asked for before the talk was ended, for now they, too, wanted to have a share in sending Jesus women to other tribes.

About two months later we all gathered under the arbor, and for the first time, public mention was made of the building fund. We did not ask them if they thought it was a good road, but quietly put two little earthenware money-barrels before them, asking them to divide their money just as they saw fit between the house for Jesus at Saddle Mountain and the Society that sent the Jesus women to other tribes.

Their contributions came to \$34.57, \$17.26 for the Jesus women society, and \$17.31 for the church.

Tuesday, October 4, 1899, Miss McLean and I were to go and fix an Indian's house; the team was at the door, but under Lucius' arbor the Indians were gathering and I was told I had better cut off going.

Then it flashed across my mind that there was going to be a council to forbid the building of the house, and I think some tears oozed out when I saw Miss McLean and the Indian drive off without me.

Trying to smile and look cheerful I went to the arbor and seated myself beside the interpreter as usual, but I was told I could not sit there. I must sit out in the middle so they could all look at me and I was not to laugh, for it was to be a very wonderful council.

After I was seated on an old stump in the center, I was asked to make my talk and tell them what I wanted. I said, "Let us talk to Jesus first and tell Him all about it," and down upon our knees we went. I remember telling the Lord that if He did not give me the room I would have to give up the work.

Then I made my talk, showing that the oldest man in the council had come on a visit to Elk Creek and had invited me to come to Saddle Mountain, that I had lived in a tent or tepee till Lucius invited me to his house and they, themselves, had asked for a second Jesus woman. I said, "It may be a great many years before a house for Jesus can be built here, and in the meantime I want you to let me build a small house just back of Lucius' to be moved when the church is built." I closed by saying, "My father and mother are both dead; Jesus has given me to you; my head is all the time tired so that I cannot sleep; I want you to make a wise road for me and tell me what to do."

For two solid hours I had to sit on that old stump, or execution block as I call it now, knowing nothing of what was being said except once when one of them signed, "The road is dangerous; it is like coming against the rocks." I sat swallowing the tears as fast as they came up and pushed the rest back with my handkerchief.

At last the council was over and I was asked to listen to a number of talks, all of the same tenor that Domot's was, and I will let him represent the others. Domot said:

"Because I am the oldest man here I will make my talk first. Last night I thought a long time about the house you want to build.

"The Indians who are not walking on the Jesus road are very mad about it, but I am not afraid of them.

"You left Elk Creek and came over here and you have been kind to us and to our children. Some of us are old and after a while we will die and we want you to teach our children this good road and keep them on it. I am not a Christian, but I have been thinking wisely. You have helped us all over here, and the Saddle Mountain Indians are going ahead in the white man's road and in the Jesus road. Our white Christian friends have helped us, too, for they have sent our children dresses and us some coats.

"Now, we have all talked it over very carefully, and this is what we think:

"You may build your house on Lucius' land; that is all right, but after a while white men are going to

come in here and cut up all the land and take all that is over and then there will be no place for you to move. White men are dangerous. This is what we think. We must hurry up and look for land for Jesus and put His brand on it and then all look after it, as if it was ours. This will make it very strong for Jesus, and when He comes and finds His brand He will know we did not forget Him.

PLAIN TALK FROM LUCIUS.

Tuesday morning we broke camp for Immanuel Mission and pitched our tents in the yard. I will give you Lucius' talk and tell you that two more of the Saddle Mountain men were baptized.

Lucius said:

"I want to make two talks. In the first place to the new Christians and the second place to the old ones. I understand Jesus has a book, and He has written your names down in it who were baptized to-day. When a white man wants to send a message to Washington he sends a telegram. You must send a message to Jesus often to help you. Every day send Him a message very often, and to-night, before you go to sleep, thank Him for writing your names in His everlasting book. It is a long way up high but He will hear you.

"Now, I will say a few words to the old Christians. Some of you are very near asleep, but I want you to rub open your eyes and listen. The devil puts you to sleep so you can't hear God's words. You been hearing a lot about ghost dance and mescal, but I will tell you some more. We all ought to be honest Christians, but we are not. Some of you hide your money and do not pay up your store bills. You been stealing from the traders when you don't pay up and I am ashamed of you. Some of you keep away from your store bills and buy things for your body, so when others see you they will say, 'How look pretty you are.'

"This is not right. The devil makes you do it, but Jesus wants you to pay up. For five years I have paid up every cent I owe and how happy I am. I can go anywhere without money and get anything I

want, because they know I will pay them. I am 'shamed of some of you Christians, and I want you to stop to think what you been doing.

"When you get your grass money you should first lay by some for Jesus, then go and pay up your store bills and spend what is over on yourselves. When you don't pay up the traders are mad and I feel awful 'shamed when I hear them talk about you. Another thing I want you to remember, that you have a new road altogether. You have houses and homes and you must keep them clean. You should clean up the yard every day and the house and keep at it, keep at it, keep at it and never get tired.

"And another thing. When my shirt has a little hole in it, I ask my wife to put a patch on it. It is not right to buy new things all the time. We all have some old clothes and we don't throw them away. We keep washing, washing, washing twice a week. Jesus gives us water free, and soap, and you men ought to help your wives to wash and keep the children clean. I wash for Mabel often and it isn't hard work. We don't buy new things all the time. We keep washing, washing, washing and mending till the things get too old, and then we don't throw them away, we make dish-rags and try all the time.

"Some of you wear your shirts till they get dirty and then you throw them away and get new ones, and that is why your store bills are so large. I want you to have one good suit of clothes for all your children for Sunday and for yourselves, and when you come home put them away. I've had this suit three years, but I take care of it.

"Another thing. I want you men and women to be kind to each other. Some of you get mad and talk back. When your husband is mad and talks cross to you, make your heart strong and don't say anything, and pretty soon he will be sorry and say to you, 'My dear wife, I did wrong when I gave you bad talk; will you forgive me?' and how happy you will be. But if you talk back you will both get mad and it will get worse and worse.

"My brothers and my sisters, let us try hard to be clean on the Jesus road. Let us make our hearts clean,

and then our clothes, and our children, for the Jesus road is a clean road and we have to keep it all the time or the devil will make us dirty again.

“The old road has passed away and we have a new road altogether.”

GIFTS.

My Dear White Sister,—Your heart will be glad to hear some good news from your Saddle Mountain brothers and sisters! We had a good Christmas all day, and gave Jesus the biggest present He ever got over here; and lots of the unconverted gave money for themselves and for their children; and one of them gave a beef for our next Christmas dinner. We gave Jesus \$100.85 (\$11.40 for Baby Band, \$17.45 to send another Jesus woman to another tribe, \$17.90 for the interpreter's salary, \$54.10 for the Jesus house at Saddle Mountain). We are very anxious about two things: we want the other tribe, who have never heard the gospel, to have a Jesus woman to teach them the way to be saved, and we want to hurry up to build our Jesus house. When it is built the Indians will come from all over and we will have a strong mission here. We did not like it at first because we have to build Jesus' house ourselves, but now our hearts are very happy and we are trying all we can to do this great thing for Jesus ourselves. We want you to pray for us and we do pray for the Society that has always been so kind to us. Jesus put it into your hearts to send us the gospel and we say thank you to Jesus and thank you to you, but the thank you to Jesus is away ahead.

Your Indian Brother in Christ Jesus,
LUCIUS AITSAN,

Interpreter at Saddle Mountain.

ANADARKO, October 31, 1901.

Miss Isabel Crawford, Saddle Mountain Mission,
Oklahoma.

My Dear Miss Crawford,—

I am just writing to tell you a pretty little story about a ride I took yesterday with the president and directors of the Rock Island Railway Company.

The vice-president, Mr. Parker, wired me that the train would pass here at 12:30 and invited me to join them on a trip to Lawton. I closed my desk and went with them—was just away three hours. On the way up from Lawton Mr. Parker kindly inquired for you and the prospects of your mission. I told him you were prospering in your labors, although under trials and tribulations that were enormous, but that you were not disheartened. Those of the gentlemen who listened to Mr. Parker's praises of you and your young woman associate, became much interested when he remarked that you ought to be helped with funds to enable you to commence the construction of your little church building.

This resulted in one of the party taking out a twenty-dollar bill and saying: "Here is a starter: let us raise the two hundred dollars she needs."

One of the young gentlemen went out into the other car, and in a few minutes returned with the cash in his hands and gave it to me to deliver to you. When he counted it into my hand it was found to amount to \$240.00. A Mr. Cabel then pulled out a ten-dollar bill and made it \$250.00. By this time I began to feel my pig nature aroused, and said to myself: "I wish I could have told them she needed four hundred instead of two hundred, for I know those kind-hearted fellows would have handed it our cheerfully."

Now my happy story ends. What say to the Doxology? With congratulations, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES F. RANDLETT, LT., Col. U. S. A.
U. S. Indian Agent.

LAYING THE CORNERSTONE.

The foundation of the church had been laid and the frame was up, but in the corner of the vestibule a place had been made for the cornerstone. A board on which was a pile of mortar and an ordinary trowel, rested on the joists and a good sized, solid stone kept it company.

The Indians with faces keen with excitement and enthusiasm climbed over the piles of lumber and

pressed as near as they could get. After the opening service of singing, prayer, and the scripture reading, Lucius Aitsan, secretary of Daw-kee-boom-gee-K'op (God's Light on the Mountain), read the history of the work at Saddle Mountain, outlined as follows:

April 12, 1896. Work begun at Saddle Mountain.

June 19, 1897. First arbor built for Jesus.

November 16, 1897. The gospel tent set up.

May 10, 1898. Daw-kee-boom-gee-K'op organized.

August 1, 1898. First money given to Jesus—\$17.26 toward sending the gospel to another tribe, and \$17.31 toward a church building fund.

October 4, 1898. One hundred and sixty acres of land promised Jesus.

June 19, 1900. Second arbor built for Jesus.

May 12, 1901. Land for Jesus selected.

August 15, 1901. Building site selected.

November 17, 1901. Sunlight Mission born.

November 9, 1902. Cornerstone of church building laid.

When the reading of the history was completed the manuscript was placed in a tin box and then the Indians passed up dropping in their names and the names of all who had contributed toward the building, whether now living or dead, present or absent. Mrs. Tonemah, president of the society, put in a block of patchwork and some buckskin and beads; Mr. Heenkey, the vice-president, another block of patchwork, a piece of china painting and small pictures of Paul sewing on a tent, of men chopping down trees for the temple, and of men, women, and children giving money to Jesus. The treasurer, Mrs. Dawtobah, dropped in the gold dollar and ten cent piece that were the first contributions toward the church. Mrs. Aitsan put in a Bible, Mr. Doybah a Kiowa hymn book, Hester a church manual, Minnie a copy of Tidings containing the names of all the head officers, Mr. Quototi the Sunlight Mission pamphlet. A flock of little brownies then came up and dropped in the box their names of Commissioner Jones, Inspector Nessler, Colonel J. F. Randlett, Brigadier-General F. D. Baldwin, Robert Burdette, Mr. and Mrs. Clouse, Misses Reeside, Ballew, McLean, Williams, Jensen, Mrs.

Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, Grand Forks Baptists, Buffalo Baptists, Chinese of San Francisco and Oakland, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe Indians, Colony Okla., the Rock Island Railroad, and last but not least, Mr. Papedone lovingly placed the names of Dr. and Mrs. Murrow with the rest. On the top of all was placed a colored photograph of little Stella Stumbing Bear, who passed to be with Jesus while the foundations of the church were being laid.

The box was closed and placed in the cavity prepared for it, the contractor filled in small stones and mortar till all was covered and then Miss Bare, placing the large stone on top and tapping it with the trowel said, "I pronounce this stone well and properly laid."

Kneeling with uncovered heads on the grass, on the gravel, on the lumber piles, the voice of the interpreter was heard in prayer: "We thank you, Jesus, to-day because you have been kind to help us get started on this our Church. It is the first day we meet here for worship. We want you to forgive the mistakes we have made, pass them back behind you and help us get stronger, so all the Indians who got eyes can see the light get brighter and brighter. Keep your eye on our names so the devil will not scratch any of them out. Keep us and bring us together on Jesus' birthday."

Mr. and Mrs. Aycompto and Mr. Tonacho, the Indians who had been baptized when away for the lumber, were asked to come forward and there beside the unfinished building they were welcomed to our number, some weeping, some praying as they took them by the hand, and others making a more "joyful noise unto the Lord."

Thus ended the service connected with the laying of the cornerstone of the long dreamed of church at Saddle Mountain; but no pen can describe the effect upon the Indians present. Their natural love of ceremony reached its spiritual climax and when all was over they scattered like the breeze to carry the tidings home to those who failed to be present.

AMOS AITSAN'S WEDDING.

Amos Aitsan, the oldest son of Lucius, the interpreter, and Minnie Gombi were to be married. Thanksgiving Day dawned clear, cold, and frosty. The wagon came for us early and the load was made up of bread, pies, cake, fruit, dishes, Indians, contractors, preacher, and missionaries.

A large enclosure made of old tenting tied on poles at Lucius' home served as a shelter from the wind, and about eleven o'clock, Indians clothed in the gayest colors of earth, slowly marched in. Miss Bare and Mr. Rushing took charge of the service and a few Indians made talks, although it was too cold to enjoy anything to the fullest. After a sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner, all gathered again for service, but it was so cold that we soon adjourned to the church for the wedding.

The building was floorless, windowless, and everything elseless, but boards had been laid on the joists from the vestibule to the front and a piece of carpet spread so that the bride and groom could walk in in style and safety. The bride was gorgeously attired in pink, green, orange, yellow, red, purple, and blue, and waited modestly and sweetly in the vestibule while I skirmished for the bridegroom, who, young and bashful, was being teased by the boys. They told him he had to take take Minnie's arm and march in with her, and as Minnie was wrapped in a blanket, to take her arm meant to take all of her; and so the youth hung back. Three times I got him to the door only to see him back again among the giggling boys. The minister and friends were waiting, so stepping up to Lucius, I said, "Sing something," and then I went out, collared the young man, stood him beside the bride, gave him a shove as if he were just learning to skate, and from that moment the ceremony proceeded in due order and with becoming solemnity. At the close the photographer took a snap shot and then all rushed forward with congratulations, mingled with heartfelt thanksgiving for the beautiful Christian wedding road.

A snap shot of the church as the teams whizzed away, a scramble into the wagon, with chattering teeth, a

cut of the whip, and away we went, off over the prairie, skirting the rocky hills—up, down, down, up, until we reach our own tiny home, where soon a good fire was roaring and a hot meal partaken of.

“GOD’S LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN” CHURCH.

At a very early hour on Sunday morning the sweet-toned bell rang out the call which brought Indian men, women, and children in their best attire and with joy-filled hearts from tent and tepee to the chapel which that day was to be publicly given to God, in whose name and for whose praise it had been built.

After the customary opening service, Dr. Murrow arose and addressing the Saddle Mountain Christians, said in substance and in part:

“You have done well yourselves, and you have had wise, faithful leaders who have given more labor, more money, and more prayer than you. Leaders and people have worked in harmony.”

He told the story of Mary and her alabaster box, and said:

“Your gift is a costly one for you, and Jesus is pleased. He commends you because you have done what you could. Worship the Lord with hearts full of love and devotion to Him. Ask the Holy Spirit to come with you into this house and fill it with His presence.”

After requesting Lucius Aitsan, Miss Crawford, and Miss Bare to stand as leaders and representatives of the church, Dr. Murrow asked:

“Is it your desire to give this house to the Lord as His property?”

Lucius: “Yes, that is my desire.”

“Is there any debt on this house?”

“There is no debt.”

“Has any person in the world any claim on this house?”

“No one has any claim.”

“Will all in the house, who have given anything toward this building, if they agree to the answers that Lucius has given, stand.”

There was a full standing vote.

“If any one who has given does not agree, will he stand?”

There was no response. Following this vote to give to God the house, unincumbered with debt, to be wholly and solely His, Dr. Murrow preached the dedicatory sermon.

Preparatory to the organization of the church, Rev. H. H. Clouse, the former pastor of most of those who were to constitute its membership, very appropriately presented in clear and simple language the Articles of Faith, to which those who were to constitute the new church assented promptly and unanimously. Next in order, these stood while Rev. Robert Hamilton, pastor of the Cheyenne Indian Baptist Churches, read and explained, as far as necessary, the Church Covenant, to which all subscribed by uplifted hands. After a general fellowship handshaking, Miss Mary G. Burdette, Corresponding Secretary of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society, offered the dedicatory prayer.

Rev. E. C. Deyo extended the hand of fellowship to Miss Isabel A. H. Crawford, Miss Katherine Bare, her associate worker, and Lucius Aitsan, the faithful interpreter and leader, as representing the church. In concluding his remarks, he placed the Bible in the hands of Lucius, enjoining him, and all associated with him in the church relations to follow this light. The church had organized as “God's Light on the Mountain” Church. God's Book was the light for all mountains and all plains; for white people and for red people, for rich and for poor, for every heart that would receive it. Love this Word more than life, for it is the Word of life.

Dr. Murrow then handed to Lucius Aitsan the keys of the house, enjoining him to be loyal to Christ, and true to the church.

The election of officers followed. The choice of a pastor was left for future action. Those honored with the office of deacons were Spotted Horse, Ay-compto, To-ne-mah, and Ga-ta-ba-en. These are comparatively young men, but are of good repute, it being said of them that they have made no crooked paths. Miss Katherine Bare was elected church clerk and treasurer.

“Daw-ke-boom-gee-K’op,” wrote Miss Crawford, “ceased to exist when the church was organized. It had done its work and left in its place a missionary society of larger growth—‘God’s Light on the Mountain Baptist Church.’ ”

THE PASSING OF AMOS, SON OF LUCIUS

In the summer of 1912, after an absence of several years, Miss Crawford visited the Kiowas at Saddle Mountain. Of the sorrowful greeting awaiting her, she writes:

“The camp was six miles from the mission. It was composed largely of the nearest of kin, about fifty in number. As we drove up, dogs innumerable rushed upon us, but slunk back as the Indians flocked from the tent villages.

“Death was hovering near, so the greeting was almost silent. A few of the older people took me in their arms and their hot tears fell upon my shoulders. One by one others came to take my hand, drop it, and suddenly turn to the west. There was an outer circle of motionless figures wrapped in blankets with bowed heads, too stricken to extend a welcome. Lucius was not among their number. Poor Lucius! Holding back till he thought the rest had extended their greetings he staggered from an arbor, weak from exhaustion and with face swollen from weeping. Seizing my hand, as if to lean upon it, he, too, abruptly turned from the radiant sun and gazed through blinding tears, off toward the tent where his loved son lay. At last with an effort and a trembling hand, he lifted my conversation tube to his lips. There was a long suppressed, “Oh,” followed by, “I am—so—glad—to—speak into this once more. Jesus—has—answered—our—prayers. You have come in time. My—poor—boy—is—alive—yet.”

Suddenly there was a succession of shrill screams and Mokeen, his poor old father, rushed frantically into the crowd. Gathering his “white papoose” up in his arms, he turned away from the sun toward the tent and gave himself over to uncontrollable crying. Smothered sobbing filled the air and the beaming sun looked down upon a scene of indescribable pathos;

little groups of weeping Indians facing the sunset and a white tent, apart from the rest, trying with Christian fortitude to say, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him."

As soon as I could gain control of myself I signed, "Wait! Let us all try to stop crying," and pointing to the tent I walked with Lucius toward it, followed by Akometo, Doyemah, Spotted Horse, and a few others.

Poor little Amos! Wasted to a skeleton, and with every feature distorted, he looked at me with eyes that spoke of intense suffering. There was a long, steady gaze of silent recognition and slowly a faint smile lit up his countenance. Then Minnie, his faithful wife, slipped away and Lucius took her place at the bedside. The parched lips moved. Lucius bowed his head and raised it bravely in a few moments. A sad silence followed. After several attempts the message was finally given. "Amos—Amos he say—Amos—he says to tell you—how glad—he is—to see your—face—once more. When—he heard you were coming—he asked—everybody—to pray—that his life—might be spared—till you got here. Jesus has—answered our prayers—you—you—are the one—who brought him—into the road—the Jesus road—and now—that—he—has—seen—you—he—is—ready—to—pass on—to the—beautiful Home."

Poor Lucius! How he ever interpreted it, I do not know. As soon as I could speak, I bowed over the death bed and said in a clear, slow voice: "Amos, dear" (the eyes looked up into mine), "it is kind of Jesus to bring me to you in time. I am glad to see you. It won't be long now till you leave for the Beautiful Home. Jesus will meet you at the door and you will find inside waiting for you your dear little mother, Mabel, your little daughter Grace, the little brother and sister and many more. How happy all will be to welcome you home." Such a glad smile passed over Lucius's face at the mention of Mabel, the wife he adored, that I could not go on. The white lips moved; Lucius kept his head down a long time after they were still. This is what he heard: "When I get—there—I—will—tell—them—how—kind—every-

one—has—been—to—me; and—I will—thank—Jesus—
—for—sparing—my—life—to—see—her—face—once—
more. My father—I want—you—to—pick up—the
Jesus—work—after—I am—gone—and—push—it—like
—you—used—to—before—she—left.” The dying eyes
looked first at Lucius and then at me. The senses
were failing but Christian consciousness was alert.

Smoothing the hair tenderly back with both hands
Lucius arose. The wife took his place. The old
woman nurse, at the other side of the bed, walked
round and folded me in her arms. All wept silently.
Outside a great awning had been placed in front of
the tent. Some seats had been arranged and many
blankets spread upon the ground. Slowly and sadly
men, women and children gathered.

**What a friend we have in Jesus
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.**

It was Amos' favorite hymn. He had translated
it into Kiowa and now it echoed around his dying
bed. Bravely it was begun, everybody singing, then
one by one voices ceased and the rest sang louder.
Over and over again the words were repeated by little
groups, here and there. As feelings became uncontroll-
able, others recovered and took up the strain.

**Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.**

Never shall I forget the singing of that hymn. The
sun was sinking toward the west. I sat on the ground
talking to Mokeen. “Jesus has let me visit you once
more,” I signed. “He has brought me in time to say
good-bye to your dear grandson and to ask you once
more to put your feet in the Jesus road.” With
bowed head, the tears falling on the withered grass,
the old man sat dumb—thinking, thinking, thinking.
Suddenly a hand was placed on both our shoulders and
Lucius' voice said “Ema!” (come!). Hastening to

the tent we found Lucius and Amos with clasped hands. Reaching for my 'phone Lucius said, "He wants to give one more message to his grandfather." Mokeen bowed his whole body over a chair at the bedside and waited as if for the executioner's axe. The sunken eyes turned toward him and in a voice scarcely audible Amos said: "My grandfather!—You know I love you—and you love me. My time—has come to leave—the earth. Will—you—promise to—meet me—in the Beautiful Home?" The eyes stared awhile and then the drooping lids closed over them. Lucius broke down. I was perfectly helpless. Unconscious of wife, children, father and friends, his body racked with pain, Amos' last thoughts were for a lost soul. Sobbing aloud the old man answered: "My dear grandson, I know that you love me and you know that I love you. I have held my heart back from Jesus too long—I hold it back no more; I give myself to Him now. I will meet you in the Beautiful Home."

A look not of earth passed over the dying face and again the thin lips parted. It was a long, long time before Lucius lifted his head and said between his sobs: "My dear boy—says—this—is the last—thing—Jesus—has for—him—to—do on—earth. Now—he—is ready—to—go—on!" Poor Lucius!

We passed out of the tent, and before the rising of the sun the spirit of Amos was with His Lord.

THE SEQUEL

Miss Crawford, the heroine of Saddle Mountain, left the field in December, 1906, and has since traveled from place to place, speaking and writing of her work and stirring many hearts by her energy and enthusiasm. She is now working among the Indians of New York State.

In the earlier years of Saddle Mountain, Lucius Aitsan wrote in behalf of "God's Light on the Mountain." Missionary Society: "We are anxious to have the Jesus woman sent to the other tribe. When is she going?" Out of this desire, grew the Sunlight Mission among the Hopi Indians in Arizona.

In June, 1913, Mrs. K. S. Westfall, corresponding secretary, represented the Board of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society at the interesting exercises incident to the ordination to the gospel ministry of Lucius. The council as called for examination of the candidate was large and representative. He was thoroughly questioned as to his conversion, his call to the ministry, his knowledge of the fundamentals of the Christian faith and his conception of the province of the minister of the gospel. It was decided after careful and prayerful deliberation to ordain Lucius, and at the evening session the formal services were held. Lucius is still on the field as pastor, and also as interpreter for the missionaries.

Among the missionaries at Saddle Mountain was Miss Gertrude Mithoff, who wrote in 1916 as follows: "The little white church standing far out on the Oklahoma plains is a constant witness to God's saving power among our Indian people. We are glad that He who began this work is still leading on."

The present workers are Misses Nora L. Swensen and Rose Kipp. The former came to the field in September, 1916. She wrote in 1917:

"Our first work was to oversee the building of our new mission house which is now located near the church. The Indians did the hauling of the lumber, and, as they had twenty miles to haul it, it made a great deal of work for them.....The testimonies of the Christians have been the most encouraging to me. They show that it pays to sow the seed, for it is springing up and bringing forth fruit."



Chapel at Saddle Mountain